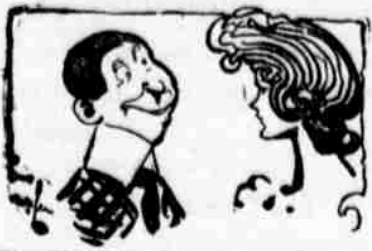


HAD NERVE.



He—He has an iron constitution.
She—Yes, and there is a great deal
of brass about him, too.

WASTED A FORTUNE ON SKIN TROUBLE

"I began to have an itching over my whole body about seven years ago and this settled in my limb, from the knee to the toes. I went to see a great many physicians, a matter which cost me a fortune, and after I noticed that I did not get any relief that way, I went for three years to the hospital. But they were unable to help me there. I used all the medicines that I could see but became worse and worse. I had an inflammation which made me almost crazy with pain. When I showed my foot to my friends they would get really frightened. I did not know what to do. I was so sick and had become so nervous that I positively lost all hope.

"I had seen the advertisement of the Cuticura Remedies a great many times, but could not make up my mind to buy them, for I had already used so many medicines. Finally I did decide to use the Cuticura Remedies and I tell you that I was never so pleased as when I noticed that, after having used two sets of Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills, the entire inflammation had gone. I was completely cured. I should be only too glad if people with similar disease would come to me and find out the truth. I would only recommend them to use Cuticura. Mrs. Bertha Sachs, 1621 Second Ave., New York, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1909."

"Mrs. Bertha Sachs is my sister-in-law and I know well how she suffered and was cured by Cuticura Remedies after many other treatments failed. Morris Sachs, 321 E. 89th St., New York, N. Y., Secretary of Deutsch-Ostrower Unt.-Vereln, Kempter Hebrew Benevolent Society, etc."

Money cannot make a man good, but it can give him the conditions of a good life.—William Smart.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail



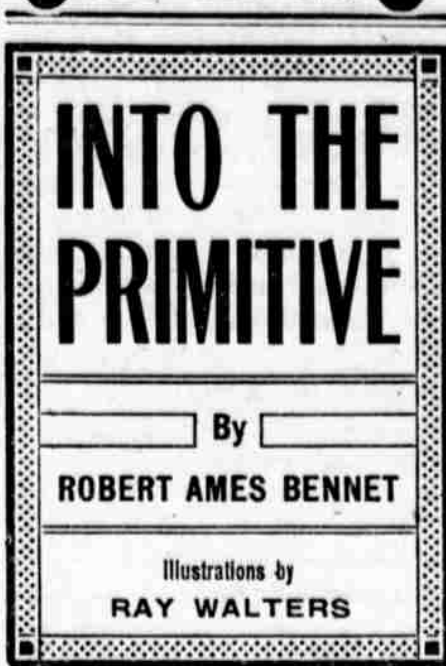
If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial of Dr. May's Epileptoid Cure.

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory Under Pure Food and Drug Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free 60 Bottle and give AGE and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Please mention this paper. Druggists fill orders.

SERIAL STORY



By
ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

(Copyright, 1909, by A. C. McClurg & Co.)

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed huts to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness. Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring. Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign. Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs. In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights. The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

One after another, the keys were welded together, end to end, in a narrow ribbon of steel. The thinnest one, however, was not fastened to the tip until it had been used to burn a groove in the edge of a rib, selected from among the bones which Miss Leslie had thrown out of the baobab. The last key was then fastened to the others; the blade ground sharp, tempered, and inserted in the groove. Finally, pieces of the keyring were fitted in bands around the bone, through notches cut in the ends of the steel blade. The result was a bone-handled, bone-backed knife, with a narrow cutting edge of fine steel.

Long before it was finished Miss Leslie had been forced away by the requirements of her own work. In fact, Blake did not complete his task until late in the afternoon. At the end, he spent more than an hour grinding the handle into shape. When he came to show the completed knife to Miss Leslie, he was fairly aglow with justifiable pride.

"How's that for an Eskimo job?" he demanded. "Bunch of keys and a bone, eh?"

"You are certainly very ingenious, Mr. Blake!"

"Nixy! There's little of the inventor in my top piece—only some hustle and a good memory. I was up in Alaska, you know. Saw a sight of Eskimo work."

"Still, it is very skillfully done."

"That may be—Look out for the edge! It'd do to shave. No more bamboo splinters for me—dull when you hit a piece of bone. I'm ready now to skin a rhinoceros."

"If you can catch one!"

"Guess we could find enough of them around here, all right. But we'll start in on some of Win's sheep and cattle."

"Oh, do! One grows tired of eggs, and all these sea-birds are so tough and fishy, no matter how I cook them."

"We'll sneak down to the pool, and make a try with the bows this evening. I'll give odds, though, that we draw a blank. Win's got the aim, but no drive; I've got the drive, but no aim. Even if I hit an antelope, I don't think a bamboo-pointed arrow would bother him much."

"Don't the savages kill game with out iron weapons?"

"Sure; but a lot have flint points, and a lot of others use poison. I know that the Apaches and some of those other Southern Indians used to fix their arrows with rattlesnake poison."

"How horrible!"

"Well, that depends on how you look at it. I guess they thought guns more horrible when they tackled the whites and got the daylight let through 'em. At any rate, they swapped arrows for

rifles mighty quick, and anyone who knows Apaches will tell you it wasn't because they thought bullets would do less damage."

"Yet the thought of poison—"

"Yes; but the thought of self-preservation! Sooner than starve, I'd poison every animal in Africa—and so would you."

"I—I— You put it in such a horrible way. One must consider others, animals as well as people; and yet—"

"Survival of the fittest. I've read some things, and I'm no fool, if I do say it myself. For instance, I'm the boss here, because I'm the fittest of our crowd in this environment; but back in what's called civilized parts, where the law lets a few shrewd fellows monopolize the means of production, a man like your father—"

"Mr. Blake, it is not my fault if papa's position in the business world—"

"Nor his, either—it's the cursed system! No; that's all right, Miss Jenny. I was only illustrating. Now, I take it, both you and Win would like to get rid of a boss like me, if you could get rid of Africa at the same time. As it is, though, I guess you'd rather have me for boss, and live, than be left all by your lonesomes, to starve."

"I—I'm sure there is no question of your leadership, Mr. Blake. We have both tried our best to do what you have asked of us."

"You have, at least. But I know. If a ship should come to-morrow, it'd be Blake to the back seat. 'Papa, give this—er—person a check for his services, while I chase off with Winnie, to get my look-in on 'Is R-yal 'Ighness.'"

Miss Leslie flushed crimson—"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Oh, don't let that worry you, Miss Jenny. It don't me. I couldn't be sore with you if I tried. Just the same, I know what it'll be like. I've rubbed elbows enough with snobs and big bugs to know what kind of consideration they give one of the mahasses—unless one of the mahasses has the drop on them. Hello, Win! What's kept you so late?"

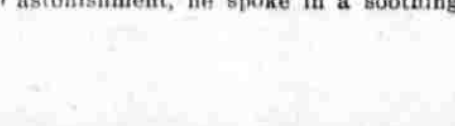
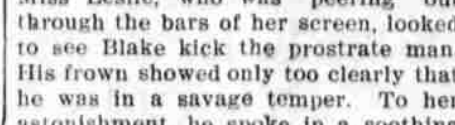
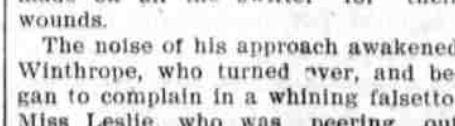
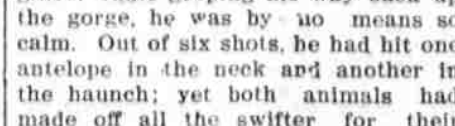
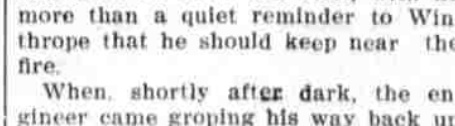
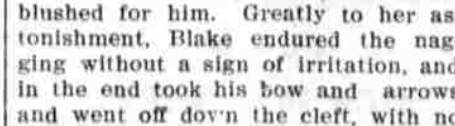
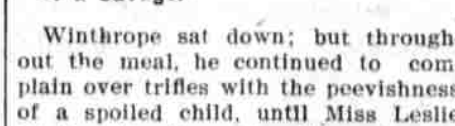
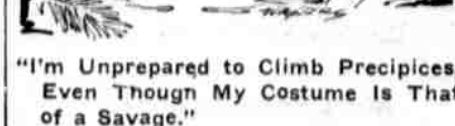
"None of your business!" snapped Winthrop.

Miss Leslie glanced at him, even more puzzled and startled by this outbreak than she had been by Blake's strange talk. But if Blake was angered, he did not show it.

"Say, Win," he remarked gravely, "I was going to take you down to the pool after supper, on a try with the bows. But I guess you'd better stay close by the fire."

"Yes; it is time you gave a little consideration to those who deserve it," rejoined Winthrop, with a peevishness of tone and manner which surprised Miss Leslie. "I tell you, I'm tired of being treated like a dog."

"All right, all right, old man. Just draw up your chair, and get all the hot broth aboard you can stow," answered Blake, soothingly.



tone until Winthrop again fell asleep. Then he quietly set about erecting a canopy of bamboos over the sleeper.

Just why he should build this was a puzzle to the girl. But when she caught a glimpse of Blake's altered expression, she drew a deep breath of relief, and picked her way around the edge of her bamboo stakes, to lie down without a trace of the fear which had been haunting her.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Mark of the Beast.

MORNING found Winthrop more irritable and peevish than ever. Though he had not been called on watch by Blake until long after midnight, he had soon fallen asleep at his post and permitted the fire to die out. Shortly before dawn, Blake was roused by a pack of jackals, snarling and quarreling over the half-dried seafowl. To charge upon the thieves and put them to flight with a few blows of his club took but a moment. Yet daylight showed more than half the drying frames empty.

Blake was staring glumly at them, with his broad back to Winthrop, when Miss Leslie appeared. The sudden cessation of Winthrop's complaints brought his companion around on the instant. The girl stood before him, clad from neck to foot in her leopard-skin dress.

"Well, I'll be—dashed!" he exclaimed, and he stood staring at her open-mouthed.

"I fear it will be warm. Do you think it becoming?" she asked, flushing, and turning as though to show the fit of the costume.

"Do I?" he echoed. "Miss Jenny, you're a peach!"

"Thank you," she said. "And here is the skirt. I have ripped it open. You see, it will make a fine flag."

"If it's put up. Seems a pity, though, to do that, when we're getting on so fine. What do you say to leaving it down, and starting a little colony of our own?"

Miss Leslie raised the skirt in her outstretched hands. Behind it her face became white as the cloth.

"Well?" demanded Blake soberly, though his eyes were twinkling.

"You forget the fever," she retorted mockingly, and Blake failed to catch the quaver beneath the light remark.

"Say, you've got me there!" he admitted. "Just pass over your flag, and scrape up some grub. I'll be breaking out a big bamboo. There are plenty of holes and loose stones on the cliff. We'll have the signal up before noon."

Miss Leslie murmured her thanks, and immediately set about the preparation of breakfast.

When Blake had the bamboo ready, with one edge of the broad piece of white duck lashed to it with catgut as high up as the tapering staff would bear, he called upon Winthrop to accompany him.

"You can go, too, Miss Jenny," he added. "You haven't been on the cliff yet, and you ought to celebrate the occasion."

"No, thank you," replied the girl. "I'm still unprepared to climb precipices, even though my costume is that of a savage."

"Save! Great Scott! that leopard dress would win out against any set they're considered all kinds of dog. Come on. I can swing you into the branches, and it's easy from there up."

"You will excuse me, please."

"Yes, you can go alone," interposed Winthrop. "I am indisposed this morning, and what is more, I have had enough of your dictation."

"You have, have you?" growled Blake, his patience suddenly come to an end. "Well, let me tell you, Miss Leslie is a lady, and if she don't want to go, that settles it. But as for you, you'll go, if I have to kick you every step."

Winthrop cringed back, and broke into a childish whine. "Don't—don't do it, Blake—Oh, I say, Miss Genevieve, how can you stand by and see him abuse me like this?"

Blake was grinning as he turned to Miss Leslie. Her face was flushed and downcast with humiliation for her friend. It seemed incredible that a man of his breeding should betray such weakness. A quick change came over Blake's face.

"Look here," he muttered, "I guess I'm enough of a sport to know something about fair play. Win's coming down with the fever, and no more to blame for doing the baby act than he'll be when he gets the delirium, and gabbles."

"I will thank you to attend to your own affairs," said Winthrop.

"You're entirely welcome. It's what I'm doing—Do you understand, Miss Jenny?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank you. I have noticed how patient you have been—"

"Pardon me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrop. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of

impertinence? In England, now, such insufferable impudence—"

"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"But, Mr. Blake, if he is ill—"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wiggling your legs instead."

Winthrop turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't stay in this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think—"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone. But as he swung away after Winthrop, she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began singeing the hair from the odds and ends of leopard skin, she discovered a new sensation to add to her list of unpleasant experiences. But she did not pause until the last patch of hair crisped close to the half-cured surface of the hide. Fetching the penknife and her thorn and catgut from the baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along the cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrop to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree, and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crushed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, had so cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent far from difficult even for a young lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO SEND BACK SHIP'S SOUNDS.

Experiments with New Safety Device for Foggy Weather.

The United States government is experimenting in San Francisco bay with a safety device for foggy weather which is remarkable in the uniqueness of its idea. It is nothing less than a fog buoy which will make no noise of its own, but which will be expected to catch the sound waves of a vessel's whistle and echo them back across the water.

The buoy, or structure, is constructed of corrugated iron sheeting, placed on piles, and built in three wings placed at different angles. Each wing is 32 feet square.

The idea was given birth accidentally. There has always been much trouble in the upper part of San Francisco bay because the shore lights cannot be seen when the weather is bad. Pilots and skippers began to notice, however, how clearly the corrugated steel warehouses around Benicia returned the sound of their whistles, and for some time have been guiding their way along by the echoes. The government is confident that the new buoys will act in the same manner.

WAS NO PLACE FOR LUCINDA.

Unfortunate Reference to "Haunts" Drove Colored Maid North.

When the southern lady left town and moved to the old manor house of her ancestors, she was accompanied by her maid.

"And now, Lucinda," remarked the mistress, as she showed the maid through the gloomy old mansion, "here are the haunts of my great-grandparents."

The next day Lucinda packed her trunk and started for the station.

"But what in the world is the matter?" demanded her mistress, in surprise. "Haven't we treated you right?"

"Oh, yes," assured Lucinda, keeping an eye on the dark, wide hallways.

"Then why in the world are you leaving without notice?"

"Ah can't help it, missus; Ah can't help it. Ah couldn't think ob workin' any place where dere was haunts."

Revealing Ancient History.

In Laconia, Greece, where excavations are being carried on vigorously by English archeologists, the latest finds confirm many assertions by ancient authors concerning the Spartans. It becomes definitely known that Lacedaemonia was formed by the union of five villages; that only priestesses and citizens fallen in battle were buried; that children were birched in public, etc. But the most fortunate discovery is that of the most ancient Doric temple known. It dates from 500 B. C. It is built partly of wood and partly of sun-baked bricks.